

Dover N.H. Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> 1855

Dear Mr. Garrison

16 The subtle and powerful  
Most Thing, through whose dominions we  
were lately forced to go volens volens, had  
bridged the Merrimack river with ice,  
and we safely reached Haverhill over it  
in a sleigh.

We eagerly inquired for the Sustan house,  
which Peter Parley had made such a terrible  
reality to us, in our juvenile classics, by the  
picture, in which Mr. Sustan is so gallantly  
defending, on horse back, his frightened flock  
of seven children, and the house from which  
the cruel savages are carrying off Mrs.  
Sustan and her infant a week old, with  
the nurse. The Historian of Haverhill in  
recounting the perils of the Sustans, relates  
with a grateful complacency the miraculous  
preservation of every life of the seven flying  
children and their father, notwithstanding  
the superior skill of Indians as marksmen  
and their advantageous skulking behind  
trees and bushes, while every bullet

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from Mr. Dutton's gun took its unerring way to an Indian heart.

It is high time, ~~for so eminent a christian~~ people ~~as we claim to be~~, to recognise the truth that the Indian holds a common heritage with the Pilgrim Father or any of his descendants, as a child of God.

I cannot see why all good minded people, will not agree with us, to repudiate the idea so sedulously cultivated by writers of books, dignified with the name of Histories, that in all the hostilities between the Indians and the Colonists, the Almighty invariably took sides and sympathies with the Whites — that Indians were as legitimate game, as wolves or bears, and were to be warred against, to extermination, with as little ruth or remorse.

It is not surprising that men grown up under such a code of morals, should engage in, and justify, Seminole and Mexican wars.

Should use their privilege and prerogative in blowing up Blount's Fort — and give their entertainments an airing in setting fire to Greystown — that they should cruise off to Japan to give a broad.



hint of the manifest destiny of so heaven-favored a people.

Neither is it at all inconsistent with the early and the late instructions of the ~~all-sufficient~~ American people, that they have, in the forcible language of Mr Theodore Parker, doubled up the civil and military power of their government, into one huge fist with which to smite to the earth the liberties of three and a half millions of a helpless and defenceless race.

Dickens, in his admirable Child's History of England, has nobly struck out into a vein of truth and justice respecting their Majesties, who have ruled Britain Dei Gratia.

It is said we are to be favored with a Child's American History from the gifted pen of the gentle-hearted Mary Howitt. We shall hope from such a source, a Quakerly rebuke and testimony against our wars and Slavery.

The Anti-Slavery friends of Haverhill reminded us that their town had a notoriety for more flagitious conduct than that of the Savages. In 1842, forty six citizens of Haverhill, madly indifferent to the blessing of "The Union inseparable



now and forever," petitioned Congress for its dissolution. Luckily there was a shower of Southern indignation at hand, that smothered this torch, which J. Q. Adams held up in vindication of the Right of Petition.

About eight hundred people assembled at our meeting in Flaverhill. After the lecture, one individual embraced the occasion to say he thought some practical plan, like buying the slaves at twenty-five years of age, with the money of the U. S. Treasury, ought to be maintained by abolitionists. He urged his views at some length. The committee, in paying for the house, proposed to him, as he had shared the benefit, he should also share in the expense of the evening. But like that airy philosopher, Skimpole, he "knew nothing of money" -

The meeting in the school house near Bradford seemed to promise some good results. Indeed, abolitionists find more willing attendance upon their teachings than formerly. Yet it is sadly true, the anti-slavery of the country is a sentiment not a principle. There is no deep abhorrence of Slavery - Else fugitives



need not fly to Canada - And Dr Nehemiah Adams could not be regarded as a Christian.

He who would successfully confront this monster American Slavery must be inspired with the sublimest virtue -

" 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls us from on high."

Groveland, as its pretty name indicates is made attractive by several charming Sylvan retreats of considerable extent, chiefly <sup>of</sup> white and yellow pines. And pines, with Mrs Stowe, we love to all their generations. The Groveland farmers have somehow afforded this compliment to Nature, which, unhappily, so few elsewhere, find it convenient to do.

The cordial welcome we found here was exceedingly genial to us wayfarers -

In the midst of so many melancholy wrecks occasioned by the awful gloom of Calvin's barbaric theology, what an unspeakable, glad consolation to meet, as we sometimes do, one who has had vigor of thought - of aspiration and of spiritual consciousness enough to escape from its soul-stiffening power with a joyful cry of deliverance!



While awaiting the train for Portsmouth, at Newburyport<sup>depot</sup>, a little elderly woman came in. Her dress and appearance bespoke no ordinary traveller. Our interest was at once awakened. The anxious manner <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ which she moved about from window to window and seat to seat showed one unaccustomed to the art of taking and leaving cars without worry and battle. Presently, the clerk ~~came in~~ <sup>gave</sup> her a ticket, which she held out to us with the pleased delight of a child. It was a 'Charity Pass'. Seeing the name was a foreign one, I asked if she was a native of Europe, she looked very bright at my question, and saying how magical learning was, she went on to tell of her scholarly father who came from the Isle of Jersey, and how she was "bookish" herself "once". And then she gave a multitude of synonyms in French and Latin, and recited the Greek Alphabet.

The clerk here kindly requested her to be quiet and not disturb the passengers, at the same time, looking significantly at us, as much as to say he hoped we would excuse a poor insane woman. Again instructing her to take good care of her ticket, and receiving our assurance that we were not in the least disturbed, he left the room. When the train came rumbling up, we chanced to enter one car, just as the humane clerk was assisting his agitated



charge into another, directing her to take a seat behind the door. As the train stopped at the station, where she was to leave, I was curious to see if the Conductor gave her that attention which is civilly given to other women. But he only <sup>looked</sup> ~~looked~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~on~~ apparent unconcern, her nervous, hesitating descent from the steps of the car. And she, who needed protection and kindness more than all the others in the train, received the least. We longed for the prevalence of that gentle reverence for woman, which dictated that fine essay of Elia, "Modern Gallantry". To discerning hearts the youth of sweet "Susannah Winstable" might oftener peer through <sup>the</sup> mask of misfortune, poverty, and age.

To the few friends at Portsmouth, who have learned that necessary lesson in the Anti-Slavery conflict  
" — to labor and to wait "

The interest awakened by the lecture was gratifying. An atmosphere of harmony seemed to pervade the assembly. As the Spiritualists say, few or no "bad spirits" present.

The Anti-Slavery family of Great Falls received



the unusual ~~courtenance~~<sup>aid</sup> and aid countenance of the Free Will Baptist Society, whose new minister is not unacquainted with our movement. We had their meetinghouse without charge, and an earnest invitation to speak in the pulpit some future Sunday.

At Rochester, I was told, a minister from a neighboring town occupied the Congregational Church, the Sunday before. He read the notice of my lecture, "by request" as he was particular to say. And expressed his surprise and grief that the church should be allowed for such a purpose, solemnly exhorting the people not to give their attendance. The direct effect of this advice proved to be, like the cry of "mad dog!" Every body rushed out to see if the "dog" was "mad" and how a "mad dog" looked, reckless of the danger.

Yesterday was pitilessly cold. This, however, did not seem to interrupt the success of the meeting here. The Town Hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen. And I should be sorry not to ~~hope~~ hope, some heart was touched with sympathy for the slave.

Indeed, the intense cold has appeared no barrier to the meetings in New Hampshire. The people move about in its frigid sharpness, with ease and freedom, as if quite at home.

~~Ms. A. 1. 2, Vol. 25, p. 16~~  
Gallie Holley